

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR

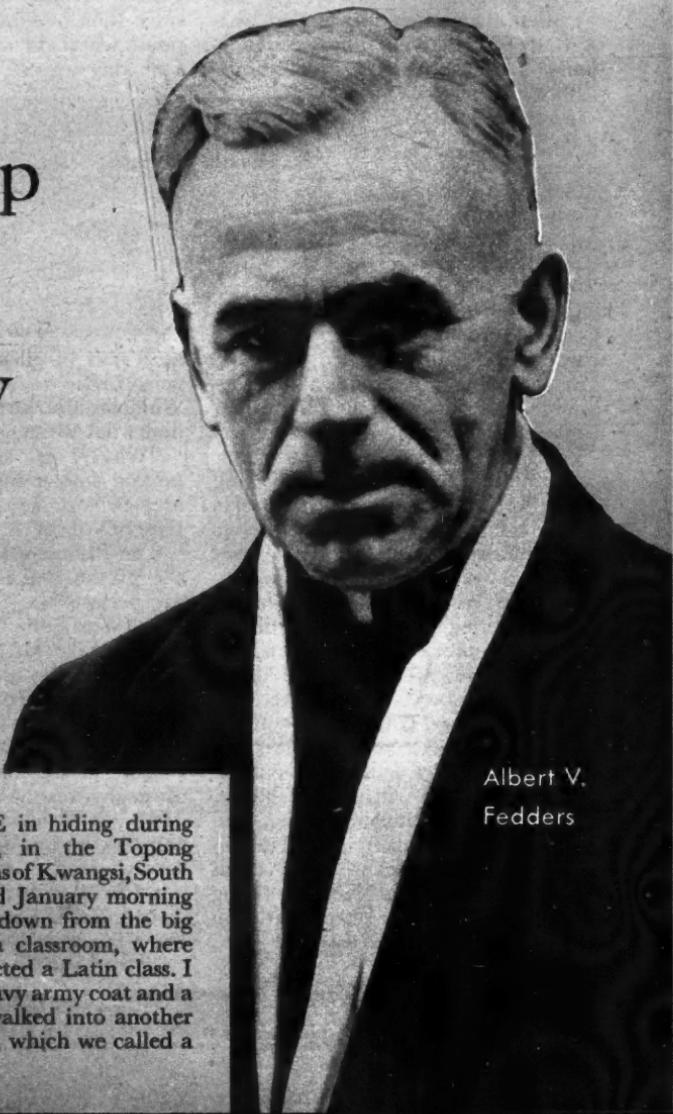


OCTOBER 1948



"TOP OF THE MORNING" at the top of the world. In the cold of the high Andes of Peru, life is hard; the American Padre's visits are appreciated.

The Bishop Has a Way with Him



Albert V.
Fedders

WE WERE in hiding during the war, in the Topong mountains of Kwangsi, South China. On a cold January morning in 1945, I came down from the big barn we called a classroom, where I had just conducted a Latin class. I was wearing a heavy army coat and a stocking cap. I walked into another damp mud room, which we called a

guest parlor, and, as often happened, I found Bishop Donaghy. He was seated in a corner, surrounded by a group of neighbors, who were literally in rags, seriously undernourished, and very much worried about the outcome of the conflict. The Bishop was entertaining them with his usual lively good humor, assuring them that all their troubles would eventually be ended. Actually, at the time, the situation had become so serious that the Bishop had made arrangements with the superior of the Chinese Sisters to send her community away. On the following day, the Sisters were to lay aside their habits and disguise themselves as Chinese coolies, for the journey to a safer place deeper in the mountains. Wrapped in a long Chinese gown padded with cotton, the Bishop was smoking a pipe made of an American bowl attached to a long, clumsy bamboo stem. In between puffs, he sipped Chinese tea with his guests. To make him look less like himself, he was wearing a pair of Chinese glasses with crude, heavy, brass rims, one missing prong, and lenses that were badly scratched. In addition, the lenses so enlarged his eyes that you imagined a young water buffalo was staring at you when he looked your way.

The Bishop had broken his own glasses several weeks earlier, and since then had been approaching a point where he could hardly read. One day an old Chinese, Mr. On

Cheung (Peaceful Windows), came in wearing a pair of spectacles that he had been using for many years. We had tried everywhere and asked everyone whom we knew,

for a pair of glasses for a farsighted person. So we asked Mr. Peaceful Windows if he knew where we might find what we sought.

"Why, I am farsighted myself," he said with a big smile. "Here you are, Bishop. Try these; if they fit, they're yours."

The Bishop read a few lines with the glasses and said, "Ai ya, these are perfect!"

We were quite certain that he said this to make Mr. Peaceful Windows happy, for the old man's spectacles were in poor condition. However, the Bishop wore those glasses until V. J. Day.

During the war years, Bishop Donaghy was the most approachable of us all. No matter how important the task he had on hand, he would always drop it to entertain a visitor, Christian or non-Christian, coolie or mandarin, old lady looking for some foreign salve or old man look-

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, P. O., N. Y.**

ing for some malaria pills. The Bishop had time for everybody. He was the living answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

When he came to Wuchow as its first Bishop, in 1940, he had never spoken the local dialect, although he had been a successful missioner among the Hakkas of Kaying. From the first day, however, he preached a most effective sermon by his affability, his good humor, his kindness that never makes itself obtrusive, and his friendliness—which all Chinese understand very quickly and very well. We missioners as well as the Chinese enjoyed his unpretentiousness and his ability to be "human."

One evening in the mountains, the Bishop and I returned from a stroll. Brother Albert, who had charge of the kitchen and was hoarding the scant food because our meager supply was disappearing all too fast, had given us very little to eat that evening for supper.

The Bishop said to me, "We didn't have much in the line of food for supper this evening, did we?" That was my idea exactly! I immediately began an oration on the pangs of hunger. Thereupon the Bishop took me into the pantry and said, "Let's see what we can find here."

After a long hunt, we discovered a little chunk of fat bacon and part of a loaf of bread. Brother Albert had very carefully figured that this chunk of bacon would last a week, if he gave each of the six of us who were in this mountain hide-out two slices as thin as tissue paper each day. The Bishop and I ate up all the bacon and all the bread! Later

A Meal for Bullets

IN THE MOUNTAINS, our neighbors the Chinese bandits were getting ugly. Fathers Reilly and McLaughlin had been shot at, and bullets had sung for five days into the walls of our mud, mission buildings. Imagine our astonishment when Bishop Donaghy announced that he had invited the leaders of the gang to a big Chinese meal! Where the precious food would come from for the repast was a mystery but the Bishop was determined to win over our enemies. He was the jolliest at the table and hypnotized his guests completely. From that day on, every man in the gang was our friend.

I got all the blame, because Brother Albert didn't wish to scold the Bishop — and while I received my berating, the Bishop almost broke a blood vessel, laughing.

During his long stay in the South China mountains, the territory was surrounded by the Japanese. The Bishop's hair turned completely gray although he is still only a young man. Finally peace came, and His Excellency walked over a hundred and fifty miles, under the scorching South China sun, during the month of July, wearing only thin cloth slippers, to visit his missions. He found them badly destroyed along the West River.

But he was more cheerful than ever. "You know," he remarked, "reopening our missions and saying Mass for our Christians again, is almost like seeing Our Lord rise from the dead."

He quickly opened our Wuchow school, which now is really the talk of the city and a great source of conversions. Overnight the mission work was in full swing, quite as if there had never been a war in China.

I was in Wuchow when our two new missioners, Fathers Curran and Becka, arrived from America. They were the first newcomers since the beginning of the war, and Bishop Donaghy decided that a celebration was in order. He took us all to a local restaurant. There he engaged in lively conversation with the waiters and soon had them laughing heartily.

When the meal was over, the Bishop sensed that the two newcomers were probably "fed up" with two hours of Oriental music supplied by the four-piece orchestra, so he asked the guitar player to let him borrow the instrument. The Bishop had never played a guitar before, and he is about the worst singer in the mission. But he soon had all the people in the restaurant in stitches. By the time he had broken a string on the guitar, I felt that he had broken down more prejudice, and built up more good feeling, than I had achieved by all my preaching in China.

❖ A Seminary Frots It Five Hundred Miles ❖

OUR seminary has quite literally transferred itself afoot a distance of five hundred miles, from Red-infested Manchuria to the city of Peiping in North China.

You know how an Irishman hates to retreat even strategically. However, there was no denying the fact that the Reds were moving steadily down through Manchuria. If our Chinese personnel was to be saved from torture and death it was a matter of transporting it.

We decided to set up a temporary base in Peiping. I was able to arrange to transfer the Chinese Sisters by plane. After six weeks of effort, the air wagon came down out of the skies with eighteen professed Sisters, ten postulants and four Chinese priests. Four of the Sisters were stretcher cases.

And now came the question of our pride and joy, the seminary. After the scourge of Communism is only a memory in Manchuria, these young men will be needed as

priests in that blessed land. But I could not afford a plane for these boys, thirty-seven in all. Hence I could only invite them to journey overland on foot for half a thousand miles.

The young men set out in three groups. One group of nineteen was taken by the Communists on their second day out. They were held for two weeks for Communist indoctrination, but I guess the youngsters prayed their way out for finally they were released. I had given them up for lost. I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when the bedraggled contingent shuffled in at six o'clock one morning, hungry, thirsty, worn out from many nights in the open.

For centuries Ireland smuggled its seminarians to the Continent for training. So today we are preparing China's priests and Sisters for the Red areas. The time will come when we shall all return.

— Joseph P. McCormack

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Chino Crashes the Gate

Only five years
old, but he knew
exactly
what he wanted

by James V. McCloskey

THE HOT AFTERNOON sun poured in through the front door like the steady blast from an open furnace. I was sitting in the sultry, sticky, uncomfortable heat of the confessional, in our little chapel of San Jose, and my white cassock clung to me like a damp rag. It was a relief when the fortieth and last child of our First Communion class finished confession and departed.

I was anxious to get back to work on the altar for the morrow's feast. But before I rose, I heard another voice. Taken by surprise, I paused.

Then the voice began again:



Typical of the small Bolivian mission chapels is the one above. It is cared for by the author. The young belles (below) do not have all the opportunities of American children, but they do worship the same Lord and Saviour.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. This is my first confession."

Below the screen I could see two little brown knees pressing the kneeler. There was no doubt who my forty-first penitent was. Chino Lopez! Little Chino, who had pestered me for weeks, to be allowed to make his First Communion. Every day when calling the roll in catechism class, I had seen Chino, his mouth half open in a perpetual grin, and his shoe-button eyes seeming to exclaim, "You didn't call my name!"

How many times I had reminded him that he was too young to make his First Communion! Well, I decided not to hear his confession



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Father James McCloskey, of New York City, has an active group in his Young Ladies' Sodality. (Below) Two young parishioners, who will soon make their First Communion, start down the Bolivian jungle trail for home.

but to ask a few questions.

"You wish to make your First Communion?"

"*Si, Padre,*" came the quick reply.

"How old are you?"

"Five years. I'm big for my age."

"What's your name?"

"Jesus Lopez, but everybody calls me Chino, Padre."

"Well, Chino, you are too young to make your First Communion. Wait a bit longer. We'll have a Communion class for Christmas, and then you will be able to make your First Communion as a present for the Child Jesus."

There was a slight pause while Chino talked it over with his guardian angel. After that came a hesitant reply: "Very well, Padre." A quick



gulp. "Be seeing you, Padre — " the gentle thump of his salute to the Blessed Sacrament — and he was gone.

Chino will be ready for Christmas: God will see

to that. And if there should be any chance of a slip-up, Chino will be on hand to remind me. Every morning after Mass, a pair of blue overalls, patched and frayed, trips up the aisle and kneels beside me. I see the familiar open mouth, the black hair plastered down in an attempt to impress me, the grimy hands clasped for all they are worth.

In the evening, after regular devotions, there is Chino again — a bit tired, maybe, but making sure that God does not forget him or overlook him in the crowd. At the altar boys' meeting, he mumbles the responses of the Mass and tries on a red cas-

Experience shows the way in mission work. A Maryknoller plans the conversion strategy and makes necessary contacts. The catechist does the spade work. Without the catechist's \$15 monthly support, mission work is delayed.

sock when he thinks nobody is looking. He joins the choir, and sings with book upside down.

After every service, he genuflects five or six times to

make sure that he includes all his favorite saints. Then he runs down the road as if an angel had lent him a pair of secondhand wings to play with. Just a little boy, Chino Lopez; barefooted, poor, a child of God.

Don't worry, Chino. I couldn't let you be forty-first this time. But speak to Him the way you speak to me, and He will make sure that on His birthday you will be able to offer your present.

And please, dear Lord, give me the strength to bear up in the coming months! For day after day, Chino Lopez will say to me, "Padre, when is Christmas?"

Father McCloskey attempts to distract Chino with a pair of boxing gloves.



Our Lady of the Hilltop



Thomas P. O'Rourke

THIS MONTH in Mexico City, many thousands of pilgrims will gather to celebrate the coronation of the Lady of the Hilltop. In the pilgrimage, the purple of ecclesiastics will mix with the varicolored serapes of the Indians; the newest creations of Mexican designers will be almost unnoticed in the multitude of dresses made in the dim light in poor homes. Regardless of their state, the pilgrims will be as one in paying homage to their Queen, the Virgin of Guadalupe.

Centuries have passed since the Blessed Mother first appeared to Juan Diego, on the hill of Tepeyac. Yet the passage of time has but increased devotion to the Mother of God. This fact is apparent each day in the Basilica of Guadalupe: visiting crowds seem unending.

On entering the bus that runs from the center of Mexico City to the Basilica, one finds the vehicle crowded. Passengers laugh and talk as merrily as do New York crowds on their way to Coney Island — for Guadalupe does resemble that popular beach resort. It is surrounded by many small stands that would not be

out of place on any boardwalk. Street musicians play and sing the songs of the ranchers; pitchmen hawk their dubious wares; and two out of every three persons who approach the pilgrim are trying to sell images of the Virgin.

None of this noise, however, reaches the interior of the Basilica. There one finds the peace that comes from true devotion. There calm comes to the troubled soul; there the spark of faith is rekindled; there a harassed nation finds refuge in her who with outstretched arms is ready to embrace the world.

There is a song to be heard in Tepeyac. Like the music of orchestral brasses, is the sound of city shoes and country sandals clicking along the marble floor. Little children are walking in their mother's house. Little children, remembering her words to Juan Diego: "Am I not your mother? Are you not under my protection? Am I not the source of life and happiness?"

Yes, these are the words of confidence that have strengthened Mexican hearts since the day of their utterance; words indeed worthy of man's endless trust.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Most of us can't stand prosperity. It makes us smug and careless. When the roof does not leak, when the bed is comfortable, when the stomach is filled, it is difficult to arouse us to a sense of danger. Our Lord, in telling about the end of the world and the suddenness of its consummation, refers to the "eat, drink, and be merry" philosophy of Noah's neighbors up until the zero hour.

Perhaps this explains why people are so indifferent about the menace that is threatening to engulf us. The Holy Father has no illusions, as is evident from his recent discourse on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Catholic Action. How often his voice falls on deaf ears! How soon his words are forgotten, even by the thoughtful! If the encyclicals of the last fifty years had been studied and followed by even half of the Mystical Body on this earth of ours, the menace of communism, of class hatred, of atomic war, and of paganism, in all countries including our own, would be far less imminent.

Most practical Christians are satisfied with the effort to be good themselves. They are not interested in others. They are conscious of the first great Commandment. They lose sight of the second. This is precisely the point where communism becomes a serious threat.

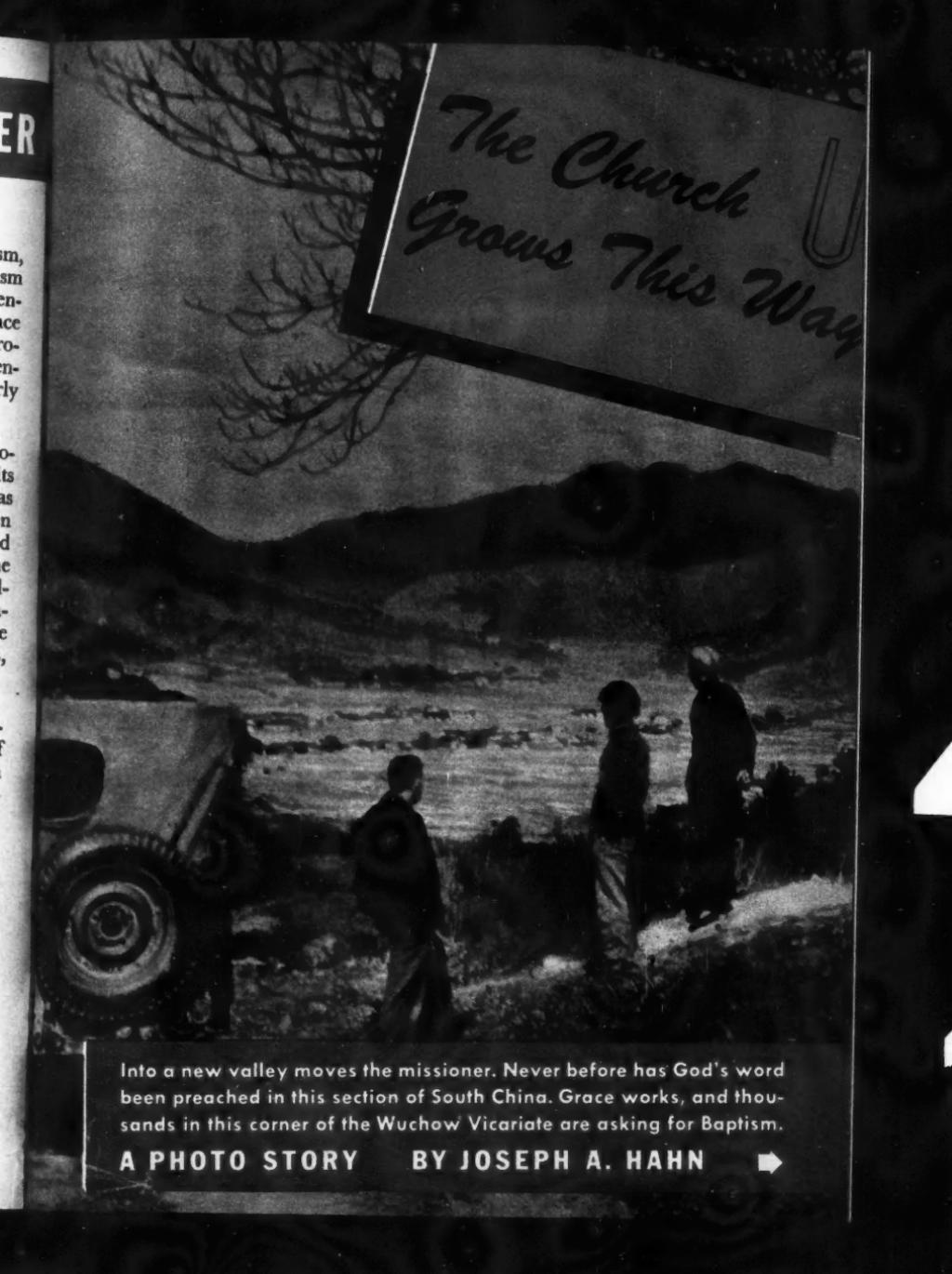
As an ideology and a system, communism is playing the same role in

some parts of the world that nazism, fascism, and Japanese imperialism played in the past. It is a convenient disguise under which to advance a nationalistic movement. It provides the opportunities for regimentation and control that the formerly triumphant ideologies provided.

Under the guise of an altruistic program, communism indoctrinates its victims. When the Frankenstein has achieved the proper growth, then the true nature of the whole wild scheme is revealed. It has become a means of securing power, of advancing national and racial aspirations. It is finally exposed in its true colors — but often, if not always, too late for the victims to escape.

What is the remedy? Untiring, unceasing insistence that the rights of man come from God and not from the state. Four times in our Declaration of Independence, this fact is emphasized. Our founding fathers had faith in Christianity. Already a movement is under way to minimize, if not to remove, these references to God. It is up to us individually, to preserve this great principle of freedom under God, and to see that it becomes the guide of all the peoples of the earth.





The Church Grows This Way

Into a new valley moves the missioner. Never before has God's word been preached in this section of South China. Grace works, and thousands in this corner of the Wuchow Vicariate are asking for Baptism.

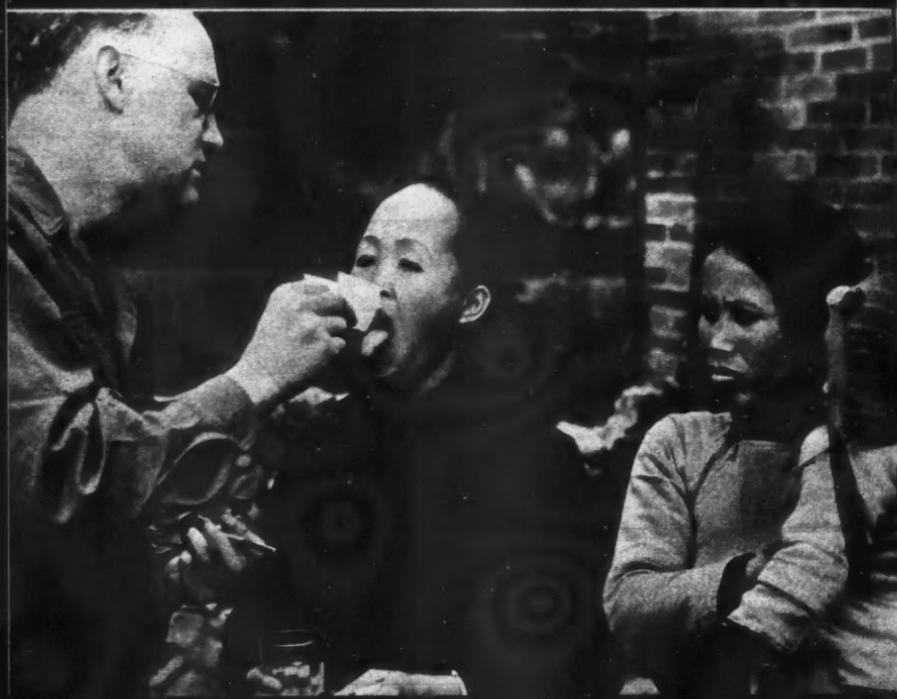
A PHOTO STORY

BY JOSEPH A. HAHN





Curiosity will win the youngsters, while medicine opens the way among grownups for the acceptance of the message of God's goodly way of life.





The Chinese Sister on the left plays an important role. Young mothers are immediately at home with her, for her heart beats in unison with theirs.



Business parleys are interrupted at every step, to answer the curiosity of the small fry. For them, the stranger in town is as interesting as a circus.



The Chinese priest, like the Chinese Sister, knows the people; in addition he is thoroughly trained in the priestly duties and possesses precious priestly graces

Reception into the fold requires serious desire for the Christian life of faith. The missionary and his catechists devote huge amounts of time to instruction work.





The nephew of Father Maurus Pai, Chinese priest of Maryknoll in Manchuria, describes his uncle's heroic death

HOW the REDS KILLED MY UNCLE

by Michael Pai

ON THE MORNING of December 9, 1947, shortly after breakfast, five armed Communist soldiers, entered the house of my uncle, Father Maurus Pai, a seventy-year-old priest attached to the Maryknoll mission territory in Manchuria. Without giving any explanation, the soldiers ordered my uncle to accompany them to their headquarters. There, despite the frigid Manchuria winter, Father was stripped of his clothes and was thrown into an unheated prison.

After three days, Father Pai was led from prison and brought before the Communist tribunal. There, he was charged with spreading the American religion (the Red name for Catholicism), with hiding arms, and with plotting against the Communists. When Father said his religion was not American, and denied

all the charges, he was beaten with whips and dragged back to prison.

After ten days of this torture, Father was released. The Reds told him that he could not take shelter in the house of anyone. In this way, they hoped that he would die of cold or hunger. However, one of the Christians found him and took him home.

The Christian tried to persuade Father to flee. He replied: "Where can I go? Without the order of my Bishop, I cannot desert my people."

That night, about eleven o'clock, the Communists came to the home of the Christian. Father was again seized. He was again stripped of his clothes, and was led naked through the icy streets to the prison. There he was given a burlap bag to cover himself.

On Christmas Day, he was led to

his church, where the Communist tribunal had assembled. Then he was beaten with sticks and whips until he was unconscious. When he revived, he was taken back to his prison.

Father Pai was in this cold prison until January 17. On that day, at nine o'clock in the morning, he was called from the cell, and still clad only in the burlap bag, was led before the tribunal.

Regional Prefect Chao, and a man named Li, head of the local government, read off the charges and asked the Reds how Father should be sentenced. The Reds cried out that he should die. Chao then said: "This man is already quite old. Perhaps if we beat him, he might be then discharged."

"He is a slave of the Americans," the Reds shouted. "He ought to die!"

The tribunal then passed the sentence of death. On the way, Father knelt on the ground, joined his hands, and began to pray.

"Look at him! He is praying," said his executioners. They laughed and beat him. "Get up and die!" they cried.

But Father, on account of his wounds, could not get up, so the soldiers dragged him the remaining distance. When they arrived at the pond, the man in charge ordered Father to kneel. Since he could not, he was shot in the head from behind. When the Reds fired a third time, Father gave up his soul to God.

Later, the same Christian who had given him shelter was able to cover Father's corpse with a burying mound. The ground was too frozen for digging a grave.



TEARS FROM ROBERTA

by Eugene F. Higgins

ON THE fourth day of the trip up the Beni, the *Francia* stopped at the river bank and Roberta brought me some oranges from near-by trees.

"You are very good, Roberta."

"But I am very sad, Padre," said the eleven-year-old.

"Sad? A fine little girl like you?"

"Padre, I'll never see them again!"

"Who, Roberta?"

"The Sisters, Padre. I followed them every day, along street after street, as they made their visits. Daddy and Mama were in Riberalta a whole week, and every day I followed the Sisters."

"What did you want to say to them, Roberta?"

"I wanted them to teach me to pray, Padre. I wanted them to teach me how to pray," she repeated, half distractedly.

That afternoon Roberta left the boat with Daddy and Mama.

"Ask Our Lady every day, Roberta," I charged her, "to send Sisters to your home in the jungle."

"Wouldn't that be just too wonderful, Padre!" the little lass exclaimed.

Four-Year Journey to Baptism

by Albert E. Good

HERE in Maryknoll-in-Africa, examinations for advancement in the catechumenate continue. The catechumenate is divided as follows: postulants; candidates with the first medal; candidates with the second medal; those in the junior sacrament course; those in the senior course.

Postulants. People desiring to receive baptism get enrolled as postulants. They serve in this capacity for eighteen months, attending instructions once a week. During this time, they commit to memory the first catechism, plus all the prayers.

First medal. Postulants, having completed eighteen months of study, receive an oral examination. Those who pass, are given the first medal, at a public ceremony. They serve

with the first medal for one year, attending two instructions each week. **Second medal.** After a year with the first medal, candidates are examined again. The successful ones receive the second medal. They serve with the second medal for a year, attending three instructions each week.

Junior sacrament course. A year with the second medal passes, and there is an examination for admission into the junior sacrament course. This lasts three months.

Senior sacrament course. Again an examination—and candidates are admitted to the final lap. The senior sacrament course lasts three months; its subject matter is the Holy Eucharist. At long last comes the day of baptism.

Thus, the entire course lasts a little more than four years. Unmarried males are given baptism if they have cows ready for the marriage dowry. Girls of Catholic parents are given baptism on the presumption that their parents will arrange their marriages correctly. Girls of pagan parents are not baptized until they are properly engaged. Strange rules? But this is Africa, a new continent where the new faith must be carefully nurtured to be strong.



JOSEPH LIM is a young Catholic of twenty-three years. He has much of life ahead of him, probably; but until recently, the prospect was not a rosy one. Joseph is a leper. He is the only leper we had in Tungshek for many years, because the others were massacred by the people, who have an overpowering fear of leprosy.

Joseph used to live on the top of a barren mountain, alone. His home was a shack made of tree bark. Every time it rained, his shack leaked so much that he and the few things he owned were drenched. His pagan relatives gave him food sometimes—and at other times they did not.

Finally, the poor fellow sent word to me that he wished to receive the Last Sacraments, because he was starving, and because he feared someone would kill him. During my answering visit, we discussed the possibility of Joseph's making a two-hundred-mile trek to the Maryknoll leper asylum at Ngaimoon. He wished to go, and Father Sweeney had written that there was room.

An uncle of Joseph was willing to accompany him. So we sent the pair on their way, armed with letters to the missionaries they might meet. Joseph and his uncle were fortunate to get a few lifts, by truck and boat, to Canton, and thence to Kongmoon. From Kongmoon it was only a few miles to Ngaimoon. The outcast was



Our Leper Leaves His Mountain

by

Richard B. Rhodes

welcomed at the asylum; and, judging from his letters home, he is very happy now. He reports that he has a good roof over him, a little garden to work in, enough food and clothing, and, above all, the lepers' chapel.

No doubt Joseph stands by the remark he made to his uncle, when they first sighted the Ngaimoon establishment. "Say!" he exclaimed then, "that looks like heaven to me!"

Few of us can even vaguely imagine the horrors that beset lepers in lands like China. Ignorance of the disease creates a frenzy of fear in both the sick and the well. South China is one of the classic leper areas of the globe, with tens of thousands of victims.

Many a Chinese cow herder
has the makings of an apostle



KEI LUK SPEAKS UP

by John F. Smith

evidently Kei Luk did not like it. Suddenly he turned to the youngsters and berated them for their lack of manners. He really gave them quite a little speech. The children took it in good spirit, and we all continued our walk peaceably. This incident stayed in my mind as evidence of the little fellow's forcefulness.

Later as I got to know Kei Luk, I learned that he had attended the mission prayer school at his local market for a few years. But he had to take a job herding cows, as his family was too poor to continue his education. I sent him for two years to our Sacred Heart Higher Primary School at Kochow, and at the end of that time, he graduated first in his class. During three years of high school, here in Chiklung, he was always second or third in his class.

While on vacation in his first year at high school, Kei Luk accompanied me on a mission trip. The war had begun, and the bus roads had been destroyed; our route took

IFIRST MET Kei Luk eleven years ago. He was then about thirteen years old. I was new as pastor of Chiklung, and was making the visitation of the mission stations for the first time. In a little market about twenty miles from Chiklung, where the mission has a small chapel, I decided to walk around for a look-see, on the evening of my arrival.

As I started out, a boy trotted beside me to point out the sights. A foreigner walking down the main street of a small, out-of-the-way village, is naturally the cynosure of all eyes, and quite naturally is followed by a mob of children. All along the way, I was referred to by the local youngsters as "the foreign devil!"

I was used to the expression, but

us by a short cut through mountains, where the natives seldom saw any foreigner. We passed the night at a native hospital in a small market town. That evening a crowd of several hundred Chinese milled around the little hospital to get a look-see at the strange outlander. All kinds of questions were being asked about me.

"What country is he from?" "What is his business?" "What does he eat?" "Is it true that, when it is daytime in China, it is nighttime in America?"

Kei Luk finally asked me if it would be all right for him to speak to the people. For a half hour, he kept the crowd interested by telling them what they wanted to know about me. He also gave them some general information about the Catholic Church.

At high school, Kei Luk was well able to fight any necessary battles. On one occasion the school was having a public-speaking contest, and each class entered its best speaker. Kei Luk represented his class. The student preceding Kei Luk told how China was being encroached upon, particularly by Japan. Then

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he criticized the Catholic Church!

Kei Luk was the next speaker. He discarded his prepared speech and took up the challenge against the Church. Each succeeding speaker spoke on the same subject, lining up either pro or con. At the end the principal said that, having listened to the vari-

ous speeches, he had concluded that to enter the Church was a pretty good act; Kei Luk took first prize.

After Kei Luk graduated from high school, I thought it would do him good to try to make his own way in the world for a few years before the mission should hire him. He obtained a position as secretary to the police commissioner of Yeung-kong City, and he handled the finances of his department for awhile.

Now Kei Luk has returned to our mission and is living here with his wife and little daughter. He serves as my right-hand man. I feel that in him I have as helper an able and courageous young gentleman who will bring honor to the Church in every situation. The Chinese are a great people, to be able to produce men like Kei Luk.

30.30.30

Pick-a-Back Ride for the Old Lady

A university student in desperate straits financially entered our down-town church the other evening, bent on robbery. But he did not count on Father Steinbach. Father ended by giving him cigarettes and a streetcar fare. On the way out the student met an old lady driven in by the heavy rain and offered to carry her home on his back. The old lady returned next day to thank the padre for sending her the nice young man!

— *Brother Clement, Kyoto, Japan*



The Brick-a-Month Club

THE housing shortage bothers us, too. Maryknoll is bursting at the seams. That is why we invite you to join our Brick-a-Month Club.

At the war's end, hundreds of young men (many of them veterans) applied for training as missionaries. We took all we could—training missionaries is our reason for existence.

We double-decked bunks; we crowded classrooms; we called missionaries home from abroad, to teach. We squeezed 800 students into seminaries built for about 400—but even

at that, we did not solve our problem for long. To take all qualified applicants, requires more space. To refuse them, is inconsistent with our purpose. Since more space is the only answer, we have begun to build at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, Illinois.

Will you supply the money? All that we do, is done under God by your consent and with your support. Perhaps you would care to send an offering of \$1, \$2, or more, monthly, for bricks and mortar, lumber and glass. Then, when Our Lord sends us candidates for His missions, we shall not be forced to fail American boys who wish to be missionary priests—we shall not be forced to fail the people in mission lands who need them.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ and will send this sum monthly, on receipt of your reminders, as a member of the Glen Ellyn Brick-a-Month Club.

I enclose \$_____ as a "stringless" gift for the Glen Ellyn seminary.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

What's Your W.Q.?

*W.Q. stands for "World Quotient." How well do you know the world in which you live? Here's a quiz that includes geography, history, and some odds and ends. Pick the most appropriate answer: then

1. Iraq was formerly called:

- Persia
- Mesopotamia
- Syria

2. Tegucigalpa is capital of:

- Honduras
- Ukraine
- Japan

3. Asia's inhabitants number:

- 832 million
- 1,117 million
- 3,240 million

4. Which country is out of place here, and why?

- Haiti
- Liberia
- Monaco

5. Asia's only native Negroes are found in:

- Siam
- India
- Philippines

6. The greater part of Africa is in the:

- Northern Hemisphere
- Southern Hemisphere
- equally divided

check against the answers on page 29. A score of 10-12 right makes you a world citizen; 7-9 and you hold your own; below 7, and you should get your encyclopedia out again. Try this quiz as a family game.

7. The illiteracy in Japan is:

- 1%
- 17%
- 60%

8. The prevailing religion in Java is:

- Mohammedanism
- Buddhism
- Christianity

9. "The Forbidden City" is in:

- Tibet
- Siberia
- Peru

10. The 1887 flood of the Hwang River in China killed:

- 52,000
- 150,000
- 900,000

11. The world's highest waterfall is in:

- Africa
- New York State
- Venezuela

12. If 20% of Asia's people are brown, what percentage are yellow?

- 10%
- 45%
- 70%



THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY

MISSION SUNDAY

OCTOBER 24

REMEMBER YOUR
SOCIETY FOR THE
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

SEY Is YOUR TRAGEDY

EDITORIAL:**The True Synthesis of Man****Gifts**

The highest form of civilization that exists in the world today is not the product of any one race or nation: it is a composite of many elements from many different sources. The exchange of ideas and ideals, not the blind exclusion of them, has been the formula by which this civilization has been constructed. It was not reasonable to suppose that any one race of men should so far surpass their brothers as to create

**Archbishop
Ritter,
of
St. Louis:**



"There is no greater work than that of the missions. It is the work our Blessed Lord came on earth to do. He has asked all of us to be His co-workers in this apostolate, inciting us to pray and to labor for the spread of His Reign of Love in the hearts and souls of men."

—**JOSEPH E. RITTER, D.D.**

every good cultural element, alone and single-handed. And there was no reason to prevent any race from utilizing any such element after somebody else had created it. The best was none too good in the difficult process of human advancement, no matter where it came from.

Philosophy, law, art, literature, science, education, medicine, human rights, sociology, and technology are some of the elements that entered into this cultural merger, and scarcely any two of them came from the same people or the same place. Thus in germ and principle, philosophy came from Greece; law from Rome; science and education from France, Italy, and Germany; and the constitutional, double safeguarded guarantee of human rights from the United States of America. Even so, no one of these elements has been the exclusive development of any one nation. All of them represent in themselves a process of constant borrowing and mutual exchange.

Modern civilization is not perfect, nor is it even as good as it can be. It has yet to develop more completely the good elements it already possesses; and it is destined to add other valuable elements, from the other human cultures it has hitherto

ignored. There is no race that contributes everything to civilization. And there is scarcely a race, at least among those of high cultivation, that contributes nothing. In this world-wide exchange of human values, there are many things to be given to all, and there is something to be received from each. Civilization is a synthesis. The more good elements it incorporates from every valid source, the richer, and the more valuable to humanity, it will be.

Weaver Divine

Obviously, the synthetic process of civilization must be guided by a principle of selection, and it must be energized and controlled by some philosophy of life that envisages the true and complete welfare of all mankind. There is only one organization in all history that ever seriously attempted to play this role, and it is the religion of Christ. No other agency will ever do so with any success, for no other is armed with the universalism that instinctively treasures all the valid, cultural elements of every nation and race. No other agency is energized by a divine charity that actively encourages, develops, and perfects the particular gifts of every race.

The preservation of native culture in every land, the promotion of all cultural values wherever found, and the facilitation of the process whereby they are exchanged among the

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

members of the human family, have been constant aims in the economy of the Catholic Church. And the Church's mission history, in particular, has been one long catalogue of successful achievement in this field. What Christ preserved to the world is only second to what He gave the world. Without His universal championship of human dignity, there is only the indifference of isolation and the clash of mutual destruction. With Him, there is the patient and loving construction of the true synthesis of man.



The Little Mac

by Frederick P. Walker

Nephew and uncle

Philomena gave him a name

THE AVERAGE foreign missioner is always a youth at heart. Even after years of mission experience have left telltale signs of graying temples and receding hairlines, most people are hard put to guess the true age of a missioner — or of any religious, for that matter. It's the eternal youth of a child of God.

The missionary seminarian changes from boyhood to priesthood at his ordination. He goes off to a strange country with new customs and languages. He begins just as a child begins, to understand and to make himself understood. His first and best friends are always children. Even the adults he comes in contact with are simple people with homely tastes and childlike innocence. And though the missioner's mind grows

fuller with new ideas, new languages, new outlooks, he has to temper his pace a bit to stay close to his people. To effect this, while his mind grows wise and mature, he keeps his heart simple and young.

Father Thomas F. McDermott is a boy-priest. To his fellow missioners, he will always be known as "Tommy," and he will probably always have the look of an altar boy. When he entered Maryknoll's Preparatory College, in Clarks Summit, he was a young lad with a thousand freckles and a mop of red hair. Then and ever since — down through the years of high school, college and seminary — he was called "young Tommy McDermott." This appellation was necessary partly to distinguish him from an older McDermott, Father James, who is a Maryknoller and an uncle of Father Tommy.

When Tommy joined Maryknoll, his uncle was already a missioner in Toishan, South China. At mail time the nephew would receive an occasional letter, decorated with exotic

Chinese characters. Those missives were the envy of Tommy's classmates, for a letter from a full-fledged missionary has always been a coveted prize to every Venard student.

Today, a full-fledged missionary himself, Father Thomas McDermott has a parish in Galvarino, in southern Chile. Galvarino is 12,000 miles from Toishan. The Chinese town and the American town have little in common, except three things: poverty, souls, and a Father McDermott.

From his powerhouse, a little wooden church in Galvarino, Father Tommy carries the strength of the sacraments throughout the 400 square miles of his parish. His figure on horseback is a familiar one to his parishioners, as he hastens across the hills, making frequent sick calls.

The other day I watched him, clothed in a long, black poncho, galloping over the hillside between rows of waving wheat. I was reminded of Saturday afternoons in the past, when we two, as youngsters, sat on the edge of theater seats, watching Tom Mix ride across the moving-picture screen on an exciting errand of mercy. The

Do all your friends and relatives receive Maryknoll, The Field Afar? Why not send each a gift subscription? It will please them and help the missions. Price: one dollar a year.

through Father

The youthful spirit of Father Tom supplies him with that energy needed to do his job well. Conducting classes in catechism for old and young, visiting homes of his people, ministering to the sick, baptizing, hearing confessions — all these tasks that are a man's work need the spark of youth for their fulfillment. Thus it is that missionaries can and do remain youthful in the long service of Christ. And as the years increase, missionaries shrug them off and stay young.

As Father McDermott ages in wisdom and grace, his heart remains ever youthful. His old cook, Philomena, who of all people in Galvarino knows him best, reserves for him a comparison that would be cherished by any priest, the whole world over.

With a candor and a matter-of-fact attitude that only Latin-American helpers have toward things divine, she says of Father Tommy, "To me, he is like the *Nino Jesus* (the Child Jesus)."

W. Q. ANSWERS. 1. Mesopotamia. Iran was formerly Persia. 2. Honduras. 3. Asia's people number 1,117 million. 4. Monaco is wrong. Haiti and Liberia are the only Negro republics. 5. Philippines, where the Negritos live. 6. Although the length of Africa is equally divided between the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, by its shape the greater part of the continent is in the Northern. 7. Only 1%. Japan is one of the most literate nations in the world. 8. Mohammedanism. Christianity is a very poor third. 9. Lhassa, Tibet, is known as the Forbidden City because foreigners are not wanted there. 10. The 1887 flood took 900,000 lives — the greatest natural catastrophe recorded. 11. Angel Falls (3,300 feet) in Venezuela is the world's highest. 12. The yellow population of Asia is 70%.

memory is made more striking by the fact that there are thousands of Indians — full-blooded Mapuche — scattered

Tommy's parish.



IRMA

"I like oranges," says Irma, whom we met outside one of Guatemala City's lovely villas. Irma lives beneath electric-blue skies and foaming white clouds in the fairyland of Guatemala.

Guatemala Beauty Contest

Each one votes secretly—no prompting, no copying! Voting is as follows: Each gives five points to the maiden among the seven whom he or she thinks prettiest, three points to the second, one point to the third. Then the votes are counted—and the winner is your queen of Guatemala!

CARLOTA

A demure little thing is Carlota. She sits on her front steps and daintily drops her eyes as we exclaim in delight at her lovely costume.



JUANITA

My, that hat! And that scarf, that new-look skirt—which would be the envy of many an American lassie! And what a lovely rope of beads!



ROSITA

You're a graceful little miss, Rosita. What exquisite blending of color appears in your huipil, your scarf, and your lovely skirt!



MARIA

Maria wears a very simple huipil, as the loose blouse is called in Guatemala. Every village has a distinctive design, all charming.

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CONCHITA

Don't be so shy, Conchita. Your hand-woven huipil, colored with rich natural dyes is the very finest we've seen, a real museum piece.

PEPITA

How clever of you, Pepita! To your own gorgeous costume you add that of your huge doll. And you have your carnival plume.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Nano Likes Bread. "I have a gem of a helper, Domingo Maldonado, or Nano for short," writes Father James Rottner, of Pemuco, Chile, a native of Cincinnati. "He likes to eat very much; he always has a piece of bread in his pocket and is constantly nibbling at it. More important, this eighteen-year-old likes to work. All I have to do is tell him what I want, and he takes care of it to the last detail. He takes pride in keeping everything clean. Best of all, the youngsters think he is swell. Next to eating, his chief recreation is basketball. Three cheers for Nano!"



Father Rottner

Then the Creator changed His mind, picked a second messenger — a nimble lizard — and sent a new command, 'Men must die.' The chameleon moved so slowly and aimlessly that the lizard arrived first, so the chameleon is blamed for the coming of mortality to men."

African Zoo. "We have a big chameleon here, about a foot long," reports Father William Collins, of Boston, Mass., now in Africa.

"It is interesting to watch him change colors, from light yellow to dark green, according to his surroundings. He is a harmless animal, but all through Africa the natives dislike the chameleon. Fried and mummified, it figures often in the witch doctor's outfit. The story goes that, at the beginning of the world, the Creator chose the chameleon to deliver to mankind a promise of eternal life.



Father Collins

"I received an ingenious proposal not long ago from the mountain pueblo of Tirani," explains Father John J. Lawler, of Calacala, Bolivia. "Plans had been made for my catechist to work in Sarco; he could not go to Tirani. Yes, he could, said the people of Tirani. These poor, ignorant Indians proposed to vacate three houses

in their village, and to bring together all the children every evening. Each child would bring a blanket to sleep on. Thus the catechist, after working all day at Sarco, could have a class in the evening at Tirani, and another at five o'clock the next morning. After morning class, the people would give the children breakfast, the catechist would return to Sarco, and the youngsters would go out to herd their goats. A wonderful plan, though a little hard on the catechist. A total of 46 men, women, boys and girls, ranging from ten to twenty-two, gathered around the teacher each evening."



Father Lawler

Bad Joss. "We have a constant battle in China against superstition," writes Father George Bauer, of Tai-pat, South China. "Some months ago the Ch'a Shan Christians were not attending Mass. On one of the heathen festivals, we discovered them burning joss for idol worship. So I temporarily refused them



Father Bauer

the sacraments. I made a promise to the Sacred Heart, then, begging that the village repent or that He give me another village of new Christians. Almost at once I got both parts of my petition: a new village, Tse Long, applied to study the doctrine; and four heads of families in Ch'a Shan signed a written promise that the village would give up its superstitions."

Report from Bacalar. Father J. Gerard Greene, of Woodhaven, N. Y., has interesting people in his Middle American habitat. "Mrs. Daisy continues in the kitchen," he writes. "She is given somewhat to belittling. The other night she placed a prize treat, homemade biscuits, on the

table and remarked, 'These are just as ugly as my face.' Fear of losing a good cook kept me from rolling on the floor with laughter, for, while the biscuits rate high, her face certainly is ugly.

"A local mother who was sick told her bright little four-year-old that she was going to heaven, and asked him if he wanted to come. 'No,' he replied, 'they only eat hosts in heaven, and I want chicken for dinner.'

Granny Pays Dividends. "An old Catholic grandmother died at the age of 85," writes Father Edwin J. McCabe, of Providence, R. I., now in South China. "Relatives came from far and near, and most were pagans who insisted on pagan rites. The few Catholics in Granny's family had a hard time proving to the mob that Catholic observances should be held. They won out, however, and as a reward Granny did her part from beyond the grave. Three years later that entire village of 600 came into the Church."



Father McCabe

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.

KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Feng-Yang closed to Americans).

MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.

SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kowloon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kweihsien; also Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Moswa.

With the Maryknoll Sisters

JAPAN • MANCHURIA • KOREA • HAWAII

PHILIPPINES • PANAMA • NICARAGUA

CHINA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA • CAROLINE ISLANDS

THREE'S a bit of satisfaction in it, as we look back on a busy summer.

Forty-four new missionaries are on the field, strengthening the older missions, or pushing out into new places. These include a hospital in the Philippines and a workroom in Japan. Best of all, the '48 Departure included pioneers for the African and Caroline Islands missions—two places the Maryknoll Sisters never were before.

With this we buckle down to the fall and winter months of preparation for next year. Please God, we shall be able to do as much in 1949.

It happened on the campus of the University of Hawaii, in Honolulu.

MAIL ORDER RELIGION

"I got it from Sears, Roebuck; please tell me how to pray on it."

The colored woman in Panama held out a silver rosary to Sister Joan Muriel (Higgins) of Yonkers, N. Y., who was visiting the woman's tiny hut. Now husband and wife are learning the beads and the catechism and going to Mass.

"I'm glad to have a chance to know you," said a pagan Japanese student, as he walked breezily up to Sister Anne Karen (Brannick), of Freeport, Ill.

"I have never known what to think about the Catholic Church. I always felt I should like to know more about it. One day I screwed up my courage to look inside a church, but it was a blank to me. Maybe you can give me a better idea of what the Church is all about."

And that was the beginning of the end of his paganism!

"Pray for your townsfolk, that they will see the truth as you see it."

The old lady, dying, gave the barest of nods in assent. She was the only fervent Catholic in her village; even her own household was obdurate. With her, apparently, the Faith would die in Snake-head Village.

But she didn't forget. Two of her own household carry on where she left off; and several neighbors now see the truth, as she saw it.

A mother of four children made her First Communion with her oldest boy, in Riberalta, Bolivia, recently. The delay was no fault of hers.

Sister M. Mercy (Hirschboeck), of Milwaukee, a graduate surgeon of Marquette University School of Medicine, performs an operation in the hospital at Riberalta, Bolivia, of which she has charge. Sister Madeline Maria (Dorsey), is a registered nurse. (Below) Sister Mercy as a teacher.



"I was brought up in a distant pueblo," she told Sister Magdalen Mary (McClosky), of Media, Pa., who instructed her for the sacraments. "We never had an opportunity for religious instruction. I have looked forward for as long as I could remember, to the day when I should make my First Communion. Thank God, it has come."

The thrill of a missioner's lifetime! Sister Antonia Maria (Guerrieri), from Stockbridge, Mass., went to the store in Kweilin, China, to buy brown sugar.

A bystander asked the proprietor, "Where does that person come from?"

"Oh, she belongs here," the shopkeeper replied. "Don't you?" he added, as Sister turned gratefully to him.

"Yes, I am an old-timer in Kweilin, now," Sister was happy to own.

Sister Antonia Maria is a doctor from Marquette University, Milwaukee. Of all the kind things people have said to her, none was so gratifying as the Chinese shopkeeper's compliment, "She belongs here."



SUPERIOR FOR AFRICA

SISTER MARY STANISLAUS (Cannon) of New York, Superior of the Sisters' new

mission in Africa, comes of a missionary family. Her brother is Fr. Thomas B. Cannon, S. J., a missioner in the Philippines. Sister has served 19 years in Hawaii.

A good Catholic woman in Kweilin, China, caught sight of a sick baby being carried into a Chinese doctor's house. She waited outside until mother and child came out. "Come into my humble abode and rest," she called. She was being solicitous of mother and babe.

"I managed to pour some water on the child," she later told Sister Cornelia (Collins), of Everett, Mass., "and named her Malia (Mary). The little one had gone to heaven before the mother was out of sight down the road, I am sure."

MARYKNOLL SISTERS MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.

THE SECRET CHRIST IN JAPAN

THE film on the Nagasaki Martyrs is enjoying a new vogue in Japan. It reminds the Japanese of today that once the religion of Christ counted probably a million followers in their islands. During that brief period in the sixteenth century a truly Christian culture developed, relics which are being constantly uncovered today. Christian art flourished even after the outbreak of persecution.

Major Bruce Conde of San Juan Capistrano, California, recently found in Shikoku an uncommon *toro* (stone lantern), which had been carved by an early Christian. Another symbol-bearing lantern discovered by the major stands in the garden of the Imperial Palace at Kyoto, overgrown with weeds and bushes. Some former emperor of Japan, undoubtedly a Christian, kept the *toro* unnoticed.

Major Conde, an authority on historical subjects, has been making an intensive study of the early Japanese martyrs and of the Christians who secretly carried on their religion in spite of edicts. In his collection are



by John C. Murrell

statues of the Blessed Mother disguised to represent the goddess of mercy, *Kwannon*. A small child nestles in her arms, a dove (symbolic of the Holy Ghost) stands near by, and on the opposite side is a wine cruet, reminding beholders of the Holy Sacrifice. These statues are known today as *Maria Kwannon*.

When Christians of

persecution days were apprehended with such a statue, they satisfied their persecutors by explaining that the child was there because the goddess of mercy was the patroness of children; the dove, because she was fond of all birds; and the cruet — a *sake* (wine) cup — because she relieved the thirst of her clients.

Swords and scabbards belonging to Christian princes and samurai have also produced some very interesting symbolism. The sword-guard, at the top of the scabbard, was designed in the form of a cross. One scabbard had seven hearts arranged in a circle around the letter M., as if to signify the seven sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, and another was decorated with hidden hearts down the entire length of the case.

I Have a Maryknoll Annuity . . .

by Gabriella O'Dowd

How to eat your cake and still have it

MY NEIGHBOR CAME IN, as is her daily custom, to chat with me over my breakfast coffee.

"It's here!" I told her, excitedly.

"What is?" she asked.

"Here. Read it!" I answered, pushing the letter and contract toward her.

She read the letter aloud as I tried to eat. When she had finished, she said, "That is certainly very nice, if one can *afford* an annuity."

I saw the questioning appraisal in her eyes, and I understood. I had told only two others about my an-

nuity, and the result had been the same. They thought I was rich! So before my neighbor could begin to entertain such ideas, I made haste to explain.

"It's not a question of whether or not I could afford it. Actually, it sliced my bank account in two. My greatest embarrassment will be if I should live to be eighty, for then I shall have received back, in interest, the full amount of my investment! And then where would all the glamour of my 'sacrifice' be?"

"But the principal will go to Maryknoll when you die, won't it?" my neighbor commented.

"Yes, but that was my intention in the first place. I'm still only fortyish, I am able to keep on working for a long time, and I shan't miss the money now."

"But you could have made a will."

"I did think of that, but kept putting it off," I admitted. "I used to worry about what would become of my savings if I should suddenly die. Then, one day last week, I read an 'ad' about Maryknoll annuities, in a Catholic paper. The annuity was the solution to my problem. It was better than a will; at least in this respect, that my money would be

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gabriella O'Dowd is the pen name of a Brooklyn woman who recently took out a Maryknoll annuity. She sent us this article, saying that more people ought to be interested in annuities "and perhaps if an outsider tells the story it may be more convincing." She gives her reasons for taking out an annuity.

working for God, right *now*, and earning me dividends in both a material and a spiritual sense at the same time. It was like eating one's cake and still keeping it. I made up my mind to visit the Maryknoll office during lunch hour. There I learned that an annuity could be had for as little as a hundred dollars. But that seemed so little for these days. I decided to make my plunge good and deep."

"But suppose you get sick and need the money," my neighbor said.

"I admit I was scared about that, even though the Father told me that an urgent need would be considered on its own merits. Then I thought: God has given me everything I have; I will not be stingy with Him.

"I did not withdraw the money from my bank until the following noon, so you see I had plenty of time to change my mind. I thought the whole matter over carefully, and decided it was a wise thing to do. People don't put money into an enterprise unless they have faith in it. So I had FAITH. They don't take risks of any kind unless they have courage. So I had COURAGE. They don't make an investment unless they hope for a return. So I had HOPE. They don't make a gift un-

A Maryknoll annuity is a contract to pay annually a fixed, lifelong income in exchange for a money gift.

less it is for someone they love. And I hope I LOVE God more than such a little gift could signify.

"Then, too, we live in such revolutionary times. That is why it is important *now* to carry the light of Christianity to the farthest corners of the earth. We cannot all leave our homes to work in the distant mission fields, but we can all have a share in this work, a big share. That means —"

"Your coffee is getting cold," observed my neighbor, with a smile.

"Oh, my! I'll be late for the office," I replied, feeling somewhat guilty over my enthusiasm.

The thought bothered me so much that, when I arrived at the office, I took our battered volume of the dictionary and looked up the word "enthusiasm." And this is what I found: "Strong excitement on behalf of a cause; ardent zeal; fervor. *Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm.* — Emerson."

Oh, if we all had great, enthusiastic faith — what a world this would be! What a wonderful world!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

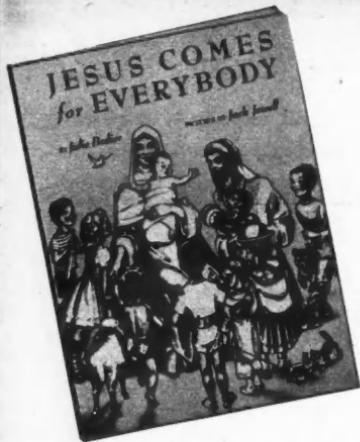
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NEW DAWN IN JAPAN—Fr. Briggs presents an excellent combination of a vivid "I was there" story and a background summary of Christianity in Japan. *Longmans*.

\$2.50

THE CHURCH'S WORLD-WIDE MISSION—Bishop Walsh reminds us in this beautifully

JESUS COMES for EVERYBODY

Here is a new look at God, how He made His world, why and how Jesus was born, how He spent his boyhood, how He came not for any single people or race, but for the sons and daughters of all mankind. The author, Julie Bedier, is Sr. M. Juliana of Maryknoll, well known for her children's books. Jack Jewell's pictures possess humor and charm.

For ages 8 to 11

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Illustrated in color, \$1.00

written book that God has plans for all mankind.
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THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

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MEN AT WORK

Life in a Maryknoll seminary is more than prayer, study, and play. It includes manual work, which imparts practical knowledge that may some day be useful in a remote country where the missioner may be forced to be his own butcher, baker, or candlestick maker.

A PHOTO STORY FROM MARYKNOLL





The manual-labor period is a traditional part of our seminary life. In it the student is trained for many tasks. It also gives the seminarian a chance to render a service that will enable our Society to save money for actual mission work. One day manual labor may mean operating a mimeograph machine (left); the next day it may mean a job in the mission shipping room (below); and the third day it's digging a ditch.



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Butchering and storing beef may seem a strange art for a future missioner to learn, but in China or Africa such knowledge might be very valuable.



These seminarians at our college in Pennsylvania are using the manual-labor period to mix concrete for the foundation of their swimming pool.



Many hands make an easy task as one of the towering pines at our Lakewood (New Jersey) college is cut down and carried away for winter fuel.



The students take their turn at the foreman's job. There is little chance to "gold-brick" when a former Army sergeant barks out the day's orders.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

you help? Any sum — \$1 to \$10,000 — will be welcome!

Maryknoll's Navy plies the waters of the Upper Amazon, reaching Bolivian Indian villages to which not even trails run. Maintenance expenses of a launch, for sick calls and other priestly duties, are \$100 a month.

To Live Well at Low Cost — raise your own food. Some missionaries do this. The gift of \$5 for seed, plus the missionary's thrifty cultivation, will buy food that in the market would cost \$50.

"Lord, that I may see!" The blind in China often find their way to the Maryknoll mission, "looking" for help. Could you brighten their lives by sending \$5 to aid in their support?

You Can't Hold a Candle without a candlestick — at least, not an altar candle. Maryknoll chapels need large and small candlesticks. The cost will be \$25. Some generous friend may wish to help us get them.

Father Cowan's School exists as yet only as a plan and a hope. The school is greatly needed in a Chile station. The cost would be \$2,000. May we have help?

Your Budget — we hope it will include the Maryknoll Seminary chapel. Plans have been prepared, and some contributions have come. Will

Are You Social-Minded? Then you will understand the concentrated efforts of Maryknollers in Latin America, to do social-service work among Indian youths. Your gift of \$5, \$10, or \$25 for this useful work will help much to give these youngsters a stronger faith.

Motherless and Destitute but not Forgotten. The orphans of South China will not be left to die in neglect, if you will send the \$5 needed for monthly support.

Men in White may be doctors — or priests wearing albs. Several albs are needed at Maryknoll. The cost is \$15 each. Who will give the price of one?

Side by Side with the Maryknollers in China and Latin America, are working the native clergy. The cost of the education of native priests runs to \$15 a month, each. But their value to the work of Christ is a hundred times that.

Grow Old Gracefully, is easier said than done in the war-wrecked village of Hoingnan, China. Can you spare \$5 to help Father Lavin? He is doing great work for the old people of his section.

He Hasn't the Heart, Father Gerbermann says, to ask for a motion-picture projector for his boys and girls in Ecuador. But we think he should have it. If some good friend will provide the projector, it will help Father win the young. And when you have won a child, you have won, also, the man or woman the child will become.



WHAT A MISSIONER CAN DO

Our Lord gave His missioners a series of corporal and spiritual works of mercy to perform. Here is how some Maryknoll missioners fulfill them:

Feeding the hungry. One priest in China has fed 1,000 refugees daily; another, in Korea, distributes food among 93,000 refugees in Pusan.

Clothing the naked. Missioners in China, Japan, and Korea have given tons of clothing to the homeless.

Visiting the sick. One Maryknoll dispensary in China gave 188,000 medical treatments in a single year.

Burying the dead. Most missioners must supply coffins at times; one priest worked two days digging graves and burying the dead.

Visiting the imprisoned. One priest in Japan has 4,000 civil prisoners in his care. Other priests in other missions bring spiritual comfort to the imprisoned.

Comforting the sorrowful. Maryknoll priests in Japan have organized active units of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, to assist all people in trouble.

Will you give to the Maryknoll Charity Fund? Any donation, large or small, will help us to perform the corporal works of mercy in Asia, Africa, and South America.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



WHOA THERE, JOSE! Hair pulling isn't one of the lessons that you should learn. Follow the example of your friendly Mama. All men are brothers, Jose, made in the image of God, our Father.

